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# Orange Cat

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CAROLINE BERRY

*Orange Cat*

My cat is a hand my cat  
works for the city my cat  
is a retired laborer, weekends  
my cat throws himself like a lit  
baseball in Schrodinger's general direction  
my cat finds himself back in a large  
lap trembling, wondering where's

hands that should be holding my cat  
where's stories that should be writing  
sparrows homes pillows for my cat, where's  
debris and webs of dust that should be  
climbing up the whiskers of my cat, where's  
sirens to teach how to sound my cat,  
where's the heart like an ambulance  
think it's headed so fast? Where's walls

where's the ground the grass now covered  
in walls, where's the wall having Petrarch's cat,  
made a mummy and displayed for being  
so loyal while even the fleas repelled  
from his body like a task force...

And where's Petrarch himself who always wrote  
about the heart while my cat doesn't know  
if what he's saying is now more nothing  
than ever before, my cat continues  
like the cat of Dorian Gray to wish  
away his own time and that  
he had ever been there. Still my cat

continues sending off his pilgrims to  
plant lilies where it hurts, my cat continues to  
pretend he has no hands and instead fishes  
for you with raddled calls. You say *yes*  
*there are ropes and loud sounds and piles*  
*of crying but what's the numbers, numbers...*

Jesus bless my cat because with no hands, my cat  
cannot count and has untaught himself  
the base-ten system, because if it happens  
says my cat it happens however many again and again.